



## SNOW BOUND AT EAGLE'S

BY BRET HARTE.

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## CHAPTER IV.

Kate found her sister, as the stranger had intimated, fully prepared. A hasty inventory of provisions and means of subsistence showed that they had ample resources for a much longer isolation.

"They tell me it is by no means an uncommon case, Kate; somebody over at somebody's place was snowed in for four weeks, and now it appears that even the Summit house is not always accessible. John ought to have known it when he bought the place; in fact, it was ashamed to admit that he did not. But that is like John to prefer his own theories to the experience of others. However, I don't suppose we should even notice the privation except for the mails. It will be lesson to John, though. As Mr. Lee says, he is on the outside, and can probably go wherever he likes from the Summit except to come here."

"Mr. Lee?" echoed Kate.

"Yes, the wounded one; and the other's name is Falkner. I asked them in order that you might be properly introduced. There were very respectable Falkners in Charlestown, you remember; I thought you might warn to the name and perhaps trace the connection now that you are such good friends. It's providential they are here, as we haven't got a house or a man in the place since Manuel disappeared, though Mr. Falkner says he can't be far away, or they would have met him on the trail if he had gone toward the summit."

"Did they say anything more of Manuel?"

"Nothing; though I am inclined to agree with you that he isn't trustworthy. But that again is the result of John's idea of employing native skill at the expense of retaining native habits."

The evening closed early, and with no diminution in the falling rain and rising wind. Falkner kept his wood, and unostentatiously performed the outdoor work in the barn and stables, assisted by the only Chinese servant remaining, and under the advice and supervision of Kate. Although he seemed to understand horses, she was surprised to find that he betrayed a civic ignorance of the ordinary details of the farm and rustic household. It was quite impossible that she should retain her distrustful attitude or his reserve in their enforced companionship. They talked freely of subjects suggested by the situation, Falkner exhibiting a general knowledge and intuition of things without parade or dogmatism. Doubtful of all versatility as Kate was, she could not help admitting to herself that his truths were none the less true for their quantity or that he got at them without ostentatious processes. His talk certainly was more picturesque than her brother's and less subduing to her faculties. John had always crushed her intellect to the contemplation of that."

Falkner did not reply. There was an interval of silence, but he could see from the movement of George's shoulders that he was shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Pancy Mrs. Hale archly introducing her husband! My offering him a chair, but being all the time obliged to cover him with a deerugger under the bedclothes. Your resting in from your peaceful pastoral pursuits in the barn, with a pitchfork in one hand and the girl in the other, and dear old mammy sympathizing all round and trying to make everything comfortable."

"I should not be alive to see it, George," said Falkner, gloomily.

"You'll manage to pitchfork me and those two women on Hale's horse and ride away; that's what you'd do, or I don't know you! Look here, Ned," he added, more seriously, "the only switching was our bringing that note here. That was *your* idea. You thought it would remove suspicion, and as you believed I was bleeding to death you played that game for all it was worth to save me. You might have done what I asked you to do—propped me up in the bushes and got away myself. I was good for a couple of shots yet and after that—what mattered? That night, the next day, the next time I take the road, or a year hence? It will come when it will come, all the same!"

He did not speak bitterly, nor relax his smile. Falkner, without speaking, slid his hand along the coverlet. Lee grasped it, and their hands were silently descending the stars.

"May I go, captain?" entreated Manuel. "I swear to God to go!"

"Ishut the door," the man of steel.

"Now, then," said Lee, with a broad, gratifying smile. Pulling down his wrapped pistol with a ready and comfortable settling the powder horn in his belt, "I'll have a quiet talk. A sort of old fashioned talk, old. You're not shooting well, Manuel. You're drinking too much again. It spoils your complexion."

"Let me go, captain," pleaded the man, emboldened by the good-humored voice, but not noise enough to notice a peculiar light in the steel of his eye.

"You've only just come, Manuel, and at considerable trouble, too. Well, what have you got to say? What's all this about? What are you doing here?"

The captured man shuffled his feet nervously, and only uttered an uneasy laugh of consciousness.

"I see, you're bashful. Well, I'll help you along. Come! You know that Hale was away and these women were here without him to help them. You thought you'd find some money here, and have your own way generally, eh?"

The tone of Lee's voice inspired him to confidence; unfortunately, it inspired him with familiarity also.

"I reckoned I had the right to a little fun on my own account, cap. I reckoned ez one gentleman in the profession wouldn't interfere with another gentleman's little game," he continued coarsely.

"Stand up."

"Ishut the door!"

Manuel stood up and glared at him.

"Ishut the door!" said Lee, coldly, "I want you to know that you wouldn't tell him as I had the others. She found herself laughing over the works he had undertaken in a pure case of chivalry; she joined in the hilarity produced by Lee's unfeigned terror of her surgical ministrations, and failed to notice the bandages in search of the thimble he declared she had left in the wound with a view to further exorcisms.

"You're too bad-tempered," he suggested. "A good deal might be made out of Ned and a piece of somb'rt candle six on the first story of the staircase, while maintaining a surgical operation in a humble orange peal江山上，" he added, "I warn you that you wouldn't tell him as I had the others. She found herself laughing over the works he had undertaken in a pure case of chivalry; she joined in the hilarity produced by Lee's unfeigned terror of her surgical ministrations, and failed to notice the bandages in search of the thimble he declared she had left in the wound with a view to further exorcisms."

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"I know you had done that already," Lee said, "but you're bad-tempered."

"Freezing is the new suggestion for physical exercise," said Lee, coming to Kate's side with ready tact, "only the knowledge should be more generally spread. There was a man up at Strawberry fell under a sled load of wood in the snow. Stamped by the

shock, he was slowly freezing to death when, with a tremendous effort, he succeeded in freeing himself all but his right leg, pinned down by a small log. His ax happened to have fallen within reach, and a few blows on the log freed him."

"And saved the poor fellow's life," said Mrs. Scott, who was listening with sympathetic intensity.

"At the expense of his left leg, which he had unknowingly cut off under the pleasing supposition that it was a log," returned Lee, coolly.

Nevertheless, in a few moments he managed to divert the slightly shocked susceptibilities of the old lady with some raillery of himself, and did not again interrupt the even good-humored communion of the party. The rain beating against the windows and the fire sparkling on the hearth seemed to lend a charm to their peculiar isolation, and it was not until Mrs. Scott rose with a warning that they were trespassing upon the rest of their patient that they discovered that the evening had slipped by unnoticed. When the door at last closed on the bright, sympathetic eyes of the two young women and the motherly benediction of the elder, Falkner walked to the window, and remained silent, looking into the darkness. Suddenly he turned bitterly to his companion.

"This is just hi-hi, George."

George Lee, with a smile still on his boyish face, hazily moved his head.

"I don't know! If it wasn't for the old woman, who is the one solid chunk of absolute goodness here, expecting nothing, wanting nothing, it would be good fun enough! These two women, cooped up in this house, wanted excitement. They've got it! That man Hale wanted to show off by going for us; he's had his chance, and will have it again before I've done with him. That d— fool of a messenger wanted to go out of his way to exchange shots with me; I reckon he's the most satisfied of the lot! I don't know why you should growl. You did your level best to get away from here, and the result is that little Puritan is ready to worship you."

"Yes, but this playing it on them—George—this—"

"Who's playing it? Not you; I see you've given away our names already."

"I couldn't lie, and they know nothing by that."

"Do you think they would be happier by knowing it? Do you think that soft little creature would be as happy as she was to-night if she knew that her husband had been indirectly the means of laying me by the heels here? Where is the swindle? This hole in my leg? If you had been five minutes under that girl's d—l sympathetic fingers you'd have thought it was genuine. Is it in our trying to get away? Do you call that ten feet drift in the pass a swindle? Is it in the chance of Hale getting back while we're here? That's real enough, isn't it? I say, Ned, did you ever give your unfettered intellect to the contemplation of that?"

Falkner did not reply. There was an interval of silence, but he could see from the movement of George's shoulders that he was shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Pancy Mrs. Hale archly introducing her husband! My offering him a chair, but being all the time obliged to cover him with a deerugger under the bedclothes. Your resting in from your peaceful pastoral pursuits in the barn, with a pitchfork in one hand and the girl in the other, and dear old mammy sympathizing all round and trying to make everything comfortable."

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He did not speak bitterly, nor relax his smile. Falkner, without speaking, slid his hand along the coverlet. Lee grasped it, and their hands were silently descending the stars.

"Silence," said Lee, "all of you."

There was a breathless pause. The sound of a door hesitatingly opened in the passage broke the stillness, followed by the gentle voice of Mrs. Scott.

"Is anything the matter?"

Lee made a slight gesture of warning to Falkner, of menace to the others. "Everything's the matter," he called out cheerily. "Ned's managed to half pull down the house trying to get at something from my saddle bags."

"I hope he has not hurt himself," broke in another voice mischievously.

"Answer, you clumsy villain," whispered Lee, with twinkling eyes.

"I'm all right, thank you," responded Falkner with unaffected awkwardness.

There was a slight murmur of voices, and then the door was heard to close. Lee turned to Falkner.

"Dismiss that fiend and turn him loose outside, and make no noise. And you, Manuel! Tell him what his and your chances are if he shows his black face here again."

Falkner cast a single, terrified, supplicating glance, more size-true than words, at his confederate. Falkner shoved him before him from the room. The next moment they were silently descending the stars.

"May I go, captain?" entreated Manuel.

"Ishut the door," the man of steel.

"Now, then," said Lee, with a broad, gratifying smile.

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## A LATE BREAKFAST.

DUMLEY.—(fourth floor back hall-room, in parlors for board).—Well, Sarah, good morning. I'm a trifle late, eh?

SARAH (waitress).—Everybody's gone but you.

DUMLEY.—Ah, yes, the table has that appearance. "Everybody" seems to have "gone" through it.

SARAH.—Eh, sir?

DUMLEY.—I mean that there is a desolate look about the easer and the bottle of Worcestershire sauce, which suggests a clean sweep.

SARAH.—Yes, sir.

DUMLEY.—You never lived in the West, Sarah?

SARAH.—No, sir.

DUMLEY.—Ah, then you have never seen a grain-field after a swarm of locusts has finished with it?

SARAH.—No, sir.

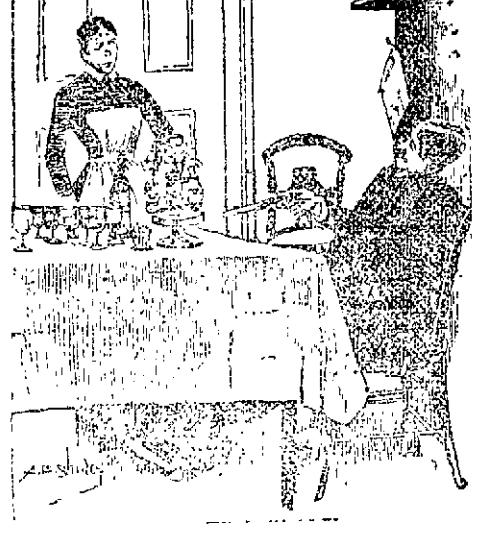
DUMLEY.—Even the tumbler of tooth-picks does not relieve the vista of soiled table-cloth, and that row of pressed-glass goblets, holding various levels of water, is not specially promising to a hungry man. Is it now, Sarah?

SARAH.—No sir.

DUMLEY.—Ah, I am glad to find you so appreciative, Sarah. But, to give the conversation a little more practical turn, what is there for breakfast?

SARAH.—Why, sir?

DUMLEY.—Sarah, experience teaches me that I have put that question in the wrong tense. Let us alter it. What was there for breakfast?



SARAH.—Liver and bacon, kidney-stew.

DUMLEY.—One moment, please, Sarah. Let me stamp my lips over those names while I wait with the hope that a remnant of their material presence still adorns the range. Liver and bacon, you say?

SARAH.—Yes, sir, but Mrs. Johnson had the last of you, sir.

DUMLEY.—Oh, then we will dispense with bacon, Sarah. Of course, if Mrs. Johnson, in her capacity of third floor, back, has eaten the last, they are officially *lors de saison*, which is French, I may remark. Sarah, get away with it.

SARAH.—Yes, sir.

DUMLEY.—Kidney-stew becomes, then, the next available delicacy. Let me down gently, Sarah. Is there, or only *gross* kidney-stew?

SARAH.—Why, all the French rolls and kidney-stew was sent up to Mrs. De Hobson, who had her breakfast in her room.

DUMLEY.—Happy Mrs. De Hobson! Sarah, life must look very pleasant viewed from the second floor front.

SARAH.—Yes, sir.

DUMLEY.—French rolls, too? Why, Sarah, I didn't even dream that there had been French rolls!

SARAH.—There wasn't many, sir.

DUMLEY.—That goes without saying, Sarah, which is a bit of Angloized French, meaning, in our more vigorous idiom: "You bet your sweet life" there wasn't.

SARAH.—Yes, sir.

DUMLEY.—And now, having disposed in the very imitative way, Sarah, of the liver and bacon, French rolls and kidney-stew, I suppose you can get me a couple of eggs and a cup of coffee?

SARAH.—I'll see, sir.

DUMLEY.—And, oh, Sarah, the butter! I forgot to inquire about the butter. Is it in its usual robust health?

SARAH.—About the same, I guess, sir.

DUMLEY.—Ah, my anxiety was unnecessary. It was so pale last night I thought it might be going into a decline, but it is evidently still vigorous. Sarah, in our breakfast *menu* this morning, we will omit—skip you know—the butter.

SARAH.—Yes, sir. (*tears the room, but returns almost instantly*).—There isn't no eggs, sir, and Mrs. Hendricks has gone out, sir.

DUMLEY. (interrupting).—Oh, Mrs. Hendricks is out, is she? That quite alters the case. Tell the cook I must have eggs—to send at once for some. I will wait, and you may bring me the morning paper, Sarah, to occupy my time and attention meanwhile.

SARAH.—Yes, sir.

DUMLEY.—And, Sarah, impress upon the cook the necessity that the eggs should be youthful; an egg to be choice should be juvenile and inexperienced. It is not intended for the rude warfare of the world, and to die in the first flush of infantile freshness is to fulfill its noble and intended destiny.

SARAH.—Yes, sir.

SARAH.—Mrs. Hendricks is come home, sir, and wants the paper, and says, will you please step into the parlor on your way out?



DUMLEY.—There's the paper, Sarah. I am quite through with it. Please return it to Mrs. Hendricks with my thanks—and, Sarah, tell Mrs. Hendricks, also, that having dallied so long over her hospitable board, my presence at the bank is quite urgently demanded, and, as I chanced to bring my hat and coat down with me, I am obliged to get into

them at once and hurry away. The basement door being convenient, I will even make use of that to accelerate my exit. Tell Mrs. Hendricks, Sarah, I will deny myself the pleasure of seeing her until another time, and you may say to her that she will have no occasion to regret the postponement.—Philip H. Welch, *In Pack*.

## THE CRANBERRY.

## THE CLEVER ONE-LEGGED YANKEE WHO FIRST CULTIVATED IT.

The Results of His Discovery—A Cranberry Marsh of the Present Day—Three Enemies of the Plant—Flooding the Vine—Experiments in 1857.

It is probably known to but comparatively few lovers of cranberry sauce that the cultivation of the popular little red berry from which it is made was begun less than thirty years ago, and in this very village of Fork River. Previous to that time the supply of cranberries came from the wild vines in the swamps of this state (Massachusetts) and a few other states, just as the huckleberry supply is obtained. Not more than one-tenth of the quantity that are now sent to market were put on sale when John Webb began his experiments in 1857, and the price was so high that only people with long pocketbooks could enjoy cranberry sauce with their turkey. John Webb, a one-legged downester, came to Ocean county many years ago, and for years managed to make a living picking cranberries and doing other farm work. He was so poor that he knew better than to ask for any credit in the neighborhood, as he could not obtain it. He finally managed to get possession of a small piece of low swamp land where the wild cranberry grew, and was while gathering the berries from the straggling vines in the fall of 1857 that Webb made the discovery that in places where sand had been washed from the high ground and carried down upon the peat bottom of the cranberry marsh the vines grew more luxuriant, and the berries on them were larger, of better flavor, and more plentiful.

JOHN WEBB'S EXPERIMENT.

One-legged John Webb could see no reason why the treatment of an entire bog in that way would not be followed with great results, and the next season he made the pioneer cultivated cranberry bog. He pulled the stumps and other foreign substances out of his small swamp, leveled its peaty bottom, and over it spread a covering of sand three inches deep. He dug ditches in the marsh which divided it into a number of oblong beds. His neighbors thought he was crazy. Webb was working without precedent, but he was an observing man, and the result of his work was that in three years he had such a crop of cranberries on his marsh as had never been seen or heard of before. The fame of John Webb's experiment spread to the remotest cranberry marsh from Massachusetts to Wisconsin, and his name is now a household word when cranberries are grown. This pioneer cultivator of cranberries is now one of the wealthiest men in southern New Jersey, if not in the state, and all his money was made through his discovery of the efficacy of sand in soil where cranberries grow.

A cranberry marsh of the present day is a handsome patch of green things growing, as the eye will best upon, but the rear of vines on a new bog to the age of bearing is attended with no end of care and toil. Since the cultivation of cranberries began there have appeared in this part of New Jersey three enemies of the plant that never bothered it in its wild state. These are a sharp edged, stiff, barbed grass called the three-square grass, a persistent and hardy bush and a destructive little insect called a web worm. After a marsh or swamp has been cleared and sanded, it is planted by taking cuttings or slips from old vines and inserting one end of them in the sand on the peat. The soil is pushed tightly about the slips.

THESE, SECOND-AND THIRD YEARS.

Cranberry vines take root in the gerous peat and begin growing almost at once. They spread rapidly over the ground, but they have not been reaching out many days before the planter finds them surrounded and crowded by the hardy and rapid three-cornered grass and its friend and companion, the bulrush. The grass and the rushes have to be removed root and branch, by means of gongs and peculiar looking hoes and other implements. These pestiferous weeds have to be constantly watched and uprooted every week or so for two seasons, so full does the soil seem to be impregnated with their germs, and so rapidly do they grow. At the end of the second year the cranberry vines have obtained such headway that they cover the ground all over the bog like an immense velvet of emerald, and have choiced the earth, every horse kept in basement stables suffered more or less, but only a few kept in other stables were troubled. This serious disease prevails mostly in spring and fall, and should be averted by constant attention to the general health of the animals and the observance of every sanitary precaution—pure air, pure water and clean, wholesome food being the most important.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

From the *Farmer's Review* crop report for the week ending February 27, we clip the following: The winter wheat fields, excepting in Michigan and Wisconsin, have been bare for two weeks, and subjected to varying mild and cold weather, but, excepting in Kansas, the outlook for the crop continues to be reported as promising. The best reports come from Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Missouri, while the outlook in Illinois is fair, and in Kansas is poor. Out of twenty-six Illinois counties reporting this week, sixteen report the crop as looking well, seven as looking fair, and three predict a short crop. In fourteen Indiana counties, two report a fine outlook, five report the prospects as good, five as fair, and two a poor outlook. Of fourteen Ohio counties, ten report good to fine looking fields, and in four counties the prospect is regarded as fair. Nine Wisconsin and eleven Michigan counties report the vines under five or six feet of water from the first of November. The water drawn off about the middle of May, and the vines come to view as green and fresh as a pasture in June.—Forked River (N. J.) Cor. New York Sun.

A correspondent asks: "Where can we send to get Peck's Patent Ear Drums, an invention for enabling people to hear who are deaf, slightly or otherwise?" Write to F. Hiseox, 819 Broadway, N. Y., stating cause and particulars of your deafness and he will give you all the points desired. Read the following from the *Medical Record*: "A lecture in one of our hospitals while illustrating progress in medical science, introduced a patient who was baffled all medical skill and was considered hopeless. But an invention belonging to F. Hiseox, New York, having been recommended it was used with very satisfactory results, as it fully restored the hearing. It was tested in other cases and found to be quite satisfactory, and any known to me for the relief of deafness, having lost for many years, was fully restored to it. This invention is far more satisfactory as it is out of sight and does not require to be held in position. And while it can be readily removed and inserted by the patient themselves it is without curvature in action and comfortable to wear."

REQUESTS FOR PUBLIC PURPOSES.

The increasing disposition to annual the right of bequest is manifested with especial sharpness in regard to wills bestowing property for public objects. No doubt the right ought to be limited; but the restriction should be to the disadvantage rather than the advantage, of relatives like those who contest the will of Samuel J. Tilden. Legacies for the benefit of society, under whose protection vast properties are accumulated, often without due regard to the common welfare, should be encouraged by courts and legislation. Every bequest like Mr. Tilden's bestowal of a free library in the city of New York is, when vindicated, a blow at Socialism; when overthrown, it furnishes an argument to Socialism.—*Syracuse Standard*.

## AGRICULTURAL.

Best results can be obtained by cutting the hay for the stock, and after moistening with water mix the feed thoroughly through it and fed in this way there can be neither waste of hay or feed.—*Orange County Farmer*.

Oats are peculiar. They need a long, cool season; hence in our climate early spring is imperative. March in Kansas is about equivalent to April in New York and New Jersey. I have sown oats in New Jersey in March and the ground froze and snow fell afterward; the crop was excellent. I once sowed oats on fall-ploughed sod land in February, and snow came before the seed was all sown; nevertheless I finished sowing and worked the seed in with a cultivator; the crop yielded eighty bushels per acre by weight, the grain forty-seven pounds to the measured bushel. I have sown oats early in May and not reaped a grain because of the rust. Rather than sow oats in May again I would sow them in the fall late and leave the seed in the ground all winter. It will be safe and will germinate so soon as the land is warmed by the spring.

F. D. Curtis, in an article on drainage in the *N. Y. Tribune*, concludes by saying: A discussion of the whole question is wise, better than a general drainage craze, and finding out some day that the farm is short of water. Does any one doubt that drainage has not shortened the supply of water in the streams and wells and in many cases stinted it to such an extent that there is comparatively none? There are farms which in summer furnish no water; others are more favored. There are fields which should be drained, and by so doing the concentrated water may be turned to good account on the farm, and be led to a neighbor; or it may be so well drained that there will be water after the spring is past. Here is a chance to go slow and either waste the supply or leave some in store to filter out where there was a lack. Water the farm must have, and how to get it and keep it is now in many parts more of a problem than how to get rid of it.

Many persons remember the sudden horse epizootic which prevailed about a dozen years ago all over the country. Before that time the disease was unheard of, but now occurs here and there every year. The symptoms are peculiar. Dullness, loss of appetite, a staggering, swaying movement, trembling, perspiration, difficult swallowing, a long inspiration of the breath and a sudden expiration with a groaning noise, the head is pressed against a wall or manger, and at last the horse lies on its side in a stupor which always precedes death. When the stupor does not occur the horse begins to eat and recovers in about three weeks. It is caused by inflammation of the brain and spinal cord. It occurs in horses that are kept in close, unventilated stables, or are exhausted by excessive exertion and then fed copiously. Unwholesome air, water or food seem to encourage it. During the original outbreak, in my neighborhood, every horse kept in basement stables suffered more or less, but only a few kept in other stables were troubled. This serious disease prevails mostly in spring and fall, and should be averted by constant attention to the general health of the animals and the observance of every sanitary precaution—pure air, pure water and clean, wholesome food being the most important.

*Captain's Fortunate Discovery.* Capt. Coleman, seafaring Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so bad he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme distress in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a son who had had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Colonies household, and on board the steamer. The Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at Z. T. Baltzly's Drug Store.

From Africa: "Take the love of Jesus out of your heart," cried a chief on the Niger to his slave, "or die." I mean to do it," said the Christian negro, "for the Lord Jesus Christ came from heaven and put a padlock on it and has taken the key with him to heaven.

*Renews Her Youth.* Mrs. Plumb Chesley, Peterson, Clay county, Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 70 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only five dollars.

*THESE, SECOND-AND THIRD YEARS.* Cranberry vines take root in the gerous peat and begin growing almost at once. They spread rapidly over the ground, but they have not been reaching out many days before the planter finds them surrounded and crowded by the hardy and rapid three-cornered grass and its friend and companion, the bulrush. The grass and the rushes have to be removed root and branch, by means of gongs and peculiar looking hoes and other implements. These pestiferous weeds have to be constantly watched and uprooted every week or so for two seasons, so full does the soil seem to be impregnated with their germs, and so rapidly do they grow. At the end of the second year the cranberry vines have obtained such headway that they cover the ground all over the bog like an immense velvet of emerald, and have choiced the earth, every horse kept in basement stables suffered more or less, but only a few kept in other stables were troubled. This serious disease prevails mostly in spring and fall, and should be averted by constant attention to the general health of the animals and the observance of every sanitary precaution—pure air, pure water and clean, wholesome food being the most important.

*Rheumatism & Neuralgia Cured in 2 Days.* The Indiana Chemical Co. have discovered a compound which acts with truly marvellous rapidity in the cure of rheumatism and neuralgia in 2 days. It is a compound of the best known drugs, and gives immediate relief in chronic cases and aids greatly in giving immediate relief in acute cases. In 2 days it cures 90 per cent of all cases of rheumatism and neuralgia. It is a compound of the best known drugs, and gives immediate relief in chronic cases and aids greatly in giving immediate relief in acute cases. In 2 days it cures 90 per cent of all cases of rheumatism and neuralgia.

*Signor Bouglia, a distinguished Italian*

*literature and statesman, stated in his*

*annual letter to the London *Almanac**

*any book, except cheap translations from*

*French novels, sell beyond two hundred*

*copies, but the Italians have bought in*

*twenty-five years a million and a quar-*

*ter of Bibles or Scripture portions, not*

*withstanding the incessant and often*

*vehement opposition of the papal priests,*

*who still go so far as to seize and burn*

*the Scriptures when they can.*

*Bucklin's Arnica Salve.*

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, all rheumatic, feverish, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, and all skin eruptions, and positive cures piles or piles, or any required to give perfect salivation, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by Z. T. Baltzly.

*Requests for Public Purposes.*

The increasing disposition to annual the right of bequest is manifested with especial sharpness in regard to wills bestowing property for public objects. No doubt the right ought to be limited; but the restriction should be to the disadvantage rather than the advantage, of relatives like those who contest the will of Samuel J. Tilden. Legacies for the benefit of society, under whose protection vast properties are accumulated, often without due regard to the common welfare, should be encouraged by courts and legislation. Every bequest like Mr. Tilden's bestowal of a free library in the city of New York is, when vindicated, a blow at Socialism; when overthrown, it furnishes an argument to Socialism.—*Syracuse Standard*.

Send one dollar in currency, with size of shoe usually worn, and try a pair of our Magnetic Insoles for rheumatism, cold feet and bad circulation. They are the most powerful medicine in the world. They are freely given to the poor. Send for catalog. In the three minutes after putting them on, sent by return mail upon receipt of price. Send your address for the "New Department in Medical Treatment Without Medicine," with thousands of testimonial. Write us full particular of difficulties.

## Massillon Independent.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1863.]

ROBERT P. SKINNER, SAMUEL E. WEIRICH.

PUBLISHED BY

SKINNER &amp; WEIRICH,

Opera House Block,

MASSILLON, OHIO.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....	\$1.50
Six Months.....	1.00
Three Months.....	.50

Contributions on subjects of general and local interest are solicited and the use of the columns of this paper to agitate proper matters is urged. Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1887.

## To Agents and Postmasters.

Next week the INDEPENDENT will make an important announcement, offering a valuable present, in addition to a very liberal commission to the one who sends the longest list of new subscribers, in a given time. Watch for it.

The Independent offers a description of the engagement between the Merrimac and Monitor, fought March 9th, 1862, and the battle of Pea Ridge, fought March 7 and 8, 1862.

This will be followed by Stonewall Jackson's Campaign against Banks-Shields and Fremont, including First Winchester, March 23, Cross Keys, June 8, and Port Republic, June 9, 1862. The Peninsula Campaign, including Fair Oaks, May 31 and June 1, 1862. The Seven Days before Richmond, June 26 to July 1, 1862. Pope's Campaign, including Cedar Mountain, August 9, Gainesville, August 28. Manassas (or Second Bull Run,) August 30, and Chantilly, September 1, 1862. The Invasion of Kentucky by Bragg and Kirby Smith, including Richmond, August 30, and Perryville, October 8, 1862. Corinth, October 8, 1862. Stone River, December 31, 1862, to January 3, 1863.

Oh! Leander! and have you two gone back on the canals?

And even supposing that Governor Foraker did deliver his New York speech three years ago, does that make it any the poorer speech?

A goodly portion of this city's share of the Dow law tax cannot be applied to a better purpose than to paying for an increase in the number of electric street lights.

As election day is coming, the thoughtful Massillonian ought to look upon our muddy roads and then decide to help elect a street commissioner who knows how to make streets.

The Water Company felt so well satisfied on Wednesday night that informally its representative agreed to put up four watering places, instead of the two for which the contract calls.

Van Wyck wants senators elected by the people. He probably believes that if this were already the case he would be his own successor. Mr. Van Wyck is on the popular side of this question.

Ex-Governor Foster is again coming out as a political factor, and is charged with having ambition to succeed to the seat which the possible nomination of Sherman to the presidency would make vacant.

Even in its earliest days the new labor party is not above bowing to expediency, and does not hesitate to favor female suffrage. The founders probably feel that the route to a man's vote is by way of his wife.

Because the water works have been accepted, and because W. S. Mercer says organic matter cannot successfully be filtered, it does not follow that Massillon will not some day drink water purified by the Hyatt process.

No man who votes to sell a part of the public works of Ohio is a friend of the canals. It is a peculiar fact that those who supported the Geyer bill are nearly all second term members, or for other reasons are politically dead.

A recent writer upon the art crazes of to-day says that as years ago an oil painting was treasured just because it was an oil painting, so now decorative novelties are valued only

if they are made of the right, or fashionable, materials.

Mr. E. B. Lieghley's seeming inconsistency in seconding Mr. Snyder's motion to accept the water works, and then voting in the negative, is explained by his desire to get the matter before the council in such shape that it could act upon it.

The saloon keepers of Ohio ought not to complain of the Dow law tax. In Minnesota the legislature recently passed an act making the tax in towns of over ten thousand population one thousand dollars, and in towns under ten thousand, five hundred dollars.

Well, the great State of Ohio knows that the Massillon Free Library Association does exist, even if Massillonians are not aware of that fact. By the way, why does not the association organize its soliciting committee, which was appointed some months ago, and start the members out?

There is no need of worrying over the amount of money to be spent by the Commissioners for a new infirmary. The plain and unadulterated fact that no new infirmary is needed at all should and probably will settle the minds of the voters and cause them to reject the proposition if presented.

The responsibility for the defeat of the coast fortification bill rests entirely with the Democratic party.

It has already passed the Republican Senate, and is now in the hands of the House committee. The Speaker has declared that the committee's report will be received whenever presented, and, as the majority of the members of the Committee are Democrats, responsibility is thrown upon them.

An old and substantial resident of Canton takes up the bridge question in another column, and deals out some good healthy blows at Commissioner Smith and the *Repository*. Now, who would ever have thought of accusing the *Repository* of saying that there are but four bridges there, when there are ten! Really, the letter is quite gratifying, and relieves this paper of the charge of attempting to satisfy a local grudge.

The unanimity of opinion which prevails among the political leaders of Ohio as to the availability of Sherman as a presidential candidate is just now causing much comment in the Eastern press. For the first time, without exception, Foraker, Foster, Butterworth, and all the other prominent Republicans, are outspoken in favor of the Senator, and for the first time it is thought that he will be able to get the united and sincere support of the Ohio delegation.

Now here is one of the good things that has recently appeared in a good paper. It cuts, but then it has the genuine flavor. It is from the *Canton Repository*.

The Massillon INDEPENDENT is bilious on the bridge business to the extent of a whole column this week. It needs a filter for its argument.

To condense it then: You don't need any bridges and we do, and, no matter how badly either of us need them, we ought not to buy them now, because the county is already in very straitened circumstances financially.

Stark county, as usual, is up to the times, and proudly claims two men who are mentioned in connection with the two highest offices in the State. Congressman McKinley is not a little talked of as a possible candidate for the governorship, and Senator Conrad is receiving unqualified endorsements in connection with the lieutenant-governorship. If it is left to Stark county, Mr. McKinley will remain where he is, at least until he is called upon to fill some higher national office. He is needed in Washington. But the recognition of Senator Conrad by the convention would be appreciated by the people of this district, and they witness with pleasure the favorable comment upon his name.

The INDEPENDENT calls upon all its readers to testify that it has been very lenient to them in the matter of delivering long homilies on the subject of the value of advertising in its reading columns, and on this very account calls upon them to forgive it

for mentioning the matter this once.

It shall not occur oftener than every three months. It is assumed that the merchants of Massillon know,—of course they do not know, but we will assume that they do—that a legitimate newspaper is the best medium for advertising. It is only common sense that the paper having a bona fide circulation, and which is read, will be studied generally with more interest and respect than is given the dodger or combination advertising sheet, which is thrown into ones hand.

Now, again assuming that the merchants of Massillon know this, allow the INDEPENDENT to say that it cordially invites 'em to step up and boom their business in its columns. If the pressure becomes too heavy it will be an easy matter to enlarge the paper. This is not a complaint, it is only a form of the plain announcement that business is good, but might be better. Very recently stands taken upon several local movements have proved to be very popular, and people who never advertise in the INDEPENDENT, and do not even subscribe for it, have been good enough to heartily endorse all that it has said. This favor is very well in its way. It is very gratifying. Moral support is very nice, but the real article is better. The INDEPENDENT is thriving, but as there are fifty millions of people in America there is still an opportunity for it to add to its number of subscribers.

## THE WATER WORKS.

The battle is over. The city and Water Company will run again in the old groove. And now the question is, which party won?

It strikes the INDEPENDENT that the city is just a little ahead. The Water Company tried to fix rates but the city finished the job. The Water Company tried to have the works accepted without building a filter, and the city vetoed that plan also. Those were the only material points upon which the city and the corporation were at variance.

The Water Company will now go ahead and make filter. It will not be the Hyatt plan by any means, but it will fill the requirements of the contract, and no one is more anxious that it shall be a success than the INDEPENDENT. It will be a simple affair, having a number of compartments through which the water will pass. The usual objection to ordinary filters is that the sand becomes clogged up with sediment, and unless cleaned very frequently injures rather than improves the water. The designer of the filter thinks that he has arranged so that the whole stand pipe pressure can be turned at will on the exit passage of the filter, and will wash all impurities back into the reservoir. It is not claimed that this process will remove any organic matter at all. Every good citizen will be anxious for the complete success of this experiment, but the prospects are certainly not encouraging, as there is no authority who places any confidence in any similar contrivances. The Hyatt system is the thing, and it is a pity we cannot have it.

But there is no use of worrying over this matter now. If any thing turns out to be radically wrong, means will certainly be found to right it, and it may be said, when the smoke clears away, that Massillon has as good, if not the very best system of waterworks in Ohio.

## Political Points.

The Confederates in the National House do not think it is constitutional for Congress to inquire into the system of fraud and massacre by which the solid South is preserved for the use of the Democratic party. The Confederates before the war were also speculators about the constitution. Next to their rights in property in man and woman, they were in a permanent state of particularity about the constitution.—*Commercial Gazette*.

John Sherman has more than once been the worst betrayed man of his time, and we are going to tell him that we fear he is destined to be again. Nothing would do John Sherman, of Ohio, half as much good as the belief impressed into the minds of the Republicans of the country, and fixed there, that next time Ohio will be solid as a bolt for him, and that there will be no more cutting and running at the moment when grit and fight are needed, and that the purpose of betraying him, as it has heretofore been done, does not exist this time.—*Pittsburg Times*.

Call at The Rialto for fine Strawberry, Lemon, Vanilla and Puerha Creams, only 60 cents per pound.

"Lives of great men always remind us that we are all subject to die," says an exchange, but never cough yourself away as long as you can raise twenty-five cents for a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Call at The Rialto for a bottle of Future Polish, 50c. and \$1 per bottle.

## MUST GO BY APRIL 1st.

Bargains to close out Watkins' stock of

## Dry Goods, Cloaks, Boots and Shoes.

## THE ENTIRE STOCK, COMPRISING

## THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH

Of desirable goods, must be sold regardless of cost to quit business.

The sale will commence Saturday, January 15th, and continue until everything is sold.

Attend this sale if you want to save money.

A. L. WATKINS & CO.,  
No. 20 East Main St., Massillon, O.

## PENCHANT PARAGRAPHS.

## A CONDENSATION OF THE TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Political Pointers and Personal Papers—Labor, Love and Trade Trials—Rail Rumble—Foreign Fancies and Fires—Casualties and Crimes—News Notes.

The board of pardons of Pennsylvania is considering the case of Milton Weston, the millionaire, imprisoned for complicity in the fatal riots at the Murraysville gas well.

The condition of George Bancroft, historian, has somewhat improved.

William Irwin, D.D., of the Second Presbyterian church, of Troy, N. Y., has accepted the call to the secretaryship of the Presbyterian board of home missions.

A Chicago court has refused to interfere with a union manager's exhibiting wax model of Nannie Van Zandt, who made herself infamous by trying to marry the Anarchist, Spies.

The Ohio club, Cincinnati, gave a farewell reception Saturday night to Judge George Hoadly and Edgar Johnson, who are to become residents of New York.

Professor George W. Smith, of Cincinnati, won the championship of Ohio in the chess tournament.

The eccentric Mrs. Emmens was a passenger on the Lydius Monarch, which sailed Sunday for England.

The name of James M. Trotter, a colored gentleman of Massachusetts, was sent to the senate by the president for the position of recorder of deeds, in the District of Columbia.

Casualties.

Six boys were killed on the Lehigh Valley road near Easton, Pa. They had stepped off one track to avoid a coal train and were struck by an unexpected passenger train on the other. Their names were Walter Walters, Walter Death, Walter Pearce, John Gregg, Charles Bonstein and Manning Garis.

By a railroad wreck near Neeches, Cal., E. L. Gilbert, a brakeman, was burned to death, two Indians and a tramp. A number of persons were injured.

The boiler of a passenger engine exploded at Chicago, killing Engineer Heinger and Fireman Lowe, and scattering their remains about in every direction.

A large boiler in a planing-mill at Winchester, O., exploded, killing Joseph Emery and injuring others.

The Death Roll.

Hon. Jesse W. Fell, the just lawyer who practiced at Bloomington, Ill., and the man who, it is said, first proposed Lincoln for the presidency, is dead.

Rev. John Hancock Peleggill, the well known Congregational evangelist, died at New Haven, Conn., aged seventy two years.

Major Duncan McArthur Vance, Thirteenth Infantry, died in Washington. He was the grandson of Gen. McArthur, governor of the Northwest territory.

The reported death of Cardinal Jacobini Saturday was a mistake. He lingered in a comatose state until Monday noon. The funeral will take place Thursday.

Mrs. Ann Clark died at Lexington, Ind., from an overdose of opium.

Dr. Charles A. Leiter, a well known physician of Indianapolis, Ind., is dead.

John Ferguson, millionaire distiller of Paris, Ky., died in New York, aged sixty-four.

Labor Notes.

The union stove-makers of St. Louis are on the eve of a strike.

The coopers' strike in New York was a failure.

Judge Brown, of the United States circuit court, New York, holds that the boycott of Old Dominion line is actionable for damages.

The war in Pittsburgh between the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers and the Knights of Labor threatens to become national.

District Assembly 49, Knights of Labor, of New York City, has declared war against the Third Avenue Railroad company for refusing to grant the Saturday half-holiday to the mechanics in its employ.

The trouble at the Mingo Junction Iron works has been settled by the company recognizing the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers.

One hundred and fifty coopers at different points in Clark county, Indiana, have struck for higher wages.

All the Milwaukee printers have struck for five cents advance on composition.

Fire Record.

The distillery of Perry Drucker, near Butler, Ky., was destroyed by fire.

Darby & Co., Baltimore candy manufacturers, lost \$200,000 in stock and on buildings by fire.

The Mariposa rice mill and an adjoining building, at New Orleans, were destroyed by fire. Loss \$35,000.

The Friendly Inn, at Indianapolis, owned by the Benevolent society of that city, was badly damaged by fire.

The factory of the Windsor Folding Bed company, Chicago, was destroyed by fire. Loss \$10,000.

Danton Brothers' livery stable at Mayville, Ky., was burned and thirty horses destroyed. Loss \$10,000.

The Keystone rink, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., together with its contents, was destroyed by fire. Loss over \$20,000.

Railroad Reading.

The general manager of trans-continental

railroads are considering in a meeting at Chicago the steps to be taken in conformity to the requirements of the interstate law.

The interstate bill will allow of reduced rates to Grand Army of the Republic encampments and other national gatherings, is the opinion of Senator Cullom.

An electric headlight, in use on the Lake Shore road, is said to be so brilliant that a newspaper can be read in its rays thrown a distance of two miles.

Fifty thousand men will be put on the construction of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba railroad in the spring.

The board of trade of Cincinnati are decidedly opposed to the sale of the Cincinnati Southern railroad.

**Business Troubles.**

The property of the Charter Oak Life Insurance company, in St. Louis, has passed into the hands of a receiver.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Marshal Wendling is a candidate for re-election.

An addition will be built on the rear of Ricks' store.

W. B. Leggett, P. E., will preach in the U. B. Church on March 26.

The store-room of Goodhart Brothers is being remodeled throughout.

Felix R. Shepley has been appointed administrator of the estate of Joseph Past.

The lamp posts look lonesome with the lanterns off. It is a pity they cannot be painted.

Canton is soon to be blessed with an institution upon the order of the late Winter Garden Theatre.

A good live firm in the commission business would find Massillon an excellent point for their operations.

The Massillon Stone and Brick Company will be delivering ordinary fire brick from the new works inside of a week.

Adam Volkmar one day last week sold Hambletonian horses of his own raising to Calvin Roush, the bill being \$1,650.

Mr. H. J. Watkins has purchased a shoe store in Cleveland, and will make that city his home after closing out in Massillon.

One of the special features of the Male Chorus concert, April 14, will be a mixed chorus of not less than seventy male and female voices.

Spring came in like a lamb on Tuesday, and in its advent was accompanied by the cheerful melodies of the Meyers Lake grind organ.

Messrs. J. E. and Huntington Brown, and M. D. Harter have leased the Enterprise House, in Akron, and will remodel and refit it.

Cyrus Zollars, Josiah Frantz and Daniel Hemperly, all of this township, have been drawn as grand jurors of the district court for the April term.

The Canton *Repository* indulged in its chief delight and gave up three columns on Wednesday to some correspondent who writes airy nothings of his beloved city.

The Methodist dime social announced for March 8 has been postponed until some convenient time, and will then be held at the residence of Mrs. H. F. Oehler.

A. F. Worbs, grocer, assigned Wednesday to E. G. Willison. The assets will amount to about six hundred dollars. The liabilities are in excess of this amount.

The ladies of the M. E. Church will hold a dime social at the residence of Mrs. Oehler, on Charles street, Tuesday evening, March 8. Refreshments will be served.

Matt Hyman won a twenty minute go as you please race at the Walhonding rink on Tuesday night, covering three miles and six laps, and securing the prize of four dollars.

The city cannot add to the number of electric street lights at present, as the limit of the lighting fund has been reached. In view of the fact, the long continued North Erie street practical witticism is superfluous.

A Polish Jew peddler came into the Mayor's office on Saturday, and charged Morris Sherman, of Youngstown Hill, with having beaten and robbed him, stating that Sherman was drunk at the time. He produced no evidence and Sherman was discharged.

Frederick J. Lehman, an old and familiar figure in Massillon, has at last passed away, having died at the home of his son, in Canton, at the age of seventy-seven, on Saturday. Mr. Lehman held forth as a book binder for many years, in which time, by his peculiarities and his remarkable matrimonial adventures, he had become known to almost everyone in the city.

The banquet hall of the central engine house was the scene of a rare feast on Saturday night, for S. R. Bullock & Co. was setting 'em up to Massillon's firemen. Men who assisted on test day were paid for their services. The refreshment was good in quality and unlimited in quantity. The speeches were likewise—so it is said. Mr. C. Edward Delafield, superintendent of the Massillon water works, vouchsafed to appear, and made a touching and eloquent address.

Something over a year ago, a plan of retrenchment was adopted along the line of the Ft. Wayne railroad, and at every station expenses were cut down to the minimum. In this city the office of night ticket agent was abolished. A change from this policy is probably a good indication of improved business prospects. Frank Shepley has been secured to fill his old position as night man in Massillon. There are rumors that changes in the tracks and platform arrangements are contemplated in this city, but the local officials have no direct knowledge of any thing of the kind.

The street fair project is being agitated, and merchants will consult their own interests by encouraging it. Elsewhere the free fairs are revolutionizing the old order of things, and they cannot but be a success in Massillon. The crowds are brought into the town itself, and the benefits are incalculable. Farmers bring in anything they want to sell, and the

city for a day or two is converted into one great market. Colonel Webb has been studying the management of these fair and sales days, and is very enthusiastic on the subject. A meeting of the business men to work up the matter will be called early in the summer, and it is to be hoped that energetic action will be taken.

The U. C. D. Club met Monday night with Mrs. M. A. Brown. Captain Warthorst read a remarkably interesting paper which was read on some public occasion by Prof. Andrew G. White. The object of the writer was to prove by comparison that the American educational system is greatly weakened by the multiplication of petty colleges, bearing grandiloquent names, which can never hope to have the resources to do the work a university should. In marked contrast the writer mentioned the fact that England, with its great population, had but eight colleges, while America had many hundred. Mrs. T. H. Focke took up the topic upon "Emigration," which was followed by a very interesting discussion. Miss Brannon read the short article.

## PERSONALITIES.

The Matters that Agitate the Society World.

Colonel A. F. Beach has returned to the city.

The Rev. G. S. Wamack preached in the Christian church on Sunday.

Miss Jessie Thrasher, of Garrettsville, O., is visiting Miss Mary Yost this week.

Mr. J. K. Peacock has returned from a two weeks' visit with Indiana friends.

Mrs. J. W. Hisey was unexpectedly called to Perryville on Monday, by the dangerous illness of her grandfather.

Mr. S. W. Reese, manager of the collection department of Russell & Co., expects to take an extended eastern trip for the benefit of his health.

The Canton *Repository* says that William Lawrence, of Cleveland, and Mary Wagner, of Massillon, were married by Justice Fulmer, Friday. The couple will reside in Cleveland.

## MASSILLON AMUSEMENTS.

Miss Kate Forsythe, formerly leading lady of the John McCullough company, is likely to make Massillon a visit in the latter part of this month.

Remember the grand musical to be given under the auspices of the Male Chorus, April 14th. Exclusively home talent will be employed.

Mile. Rhea, whose appearance in this city is looked forward to with great interest, will present "The Widow," on Monday evening, March 21.

Friday evening, March 4, the Hyers Sisters, whose wonderful voices fairly delighted a small audience in Massillon about a week ago, will again sing in "Out of Bondage." They should have a large audience.

The lecture course is a great popular success, and a repetition is assured next season. It is hoped that enough subscribers can be obtained next fall to warrant the engagement of a greater number of attractions than will appear this year, for the same price.

Walter S. Baldwin is turning people away nightly in Canton this week, and on Monday night will begin a week's engagement in this city. It will be noticed by the advertisement that his repertoire will be entirely new. Popular prices will be the rule, and the beautiful *l'Amour* will again be given away. The triumph of a month ago will be repeated.

On Wednesday afternoon a contract was closed with the manager of Gilmore's famous Twenty second Regiment Band, which binds that organization to give one concert in Massillon on Friday evening, April 1. It is presumed that every one knows that this band, for years the prime attraction at Coney Island, is the largest and most wonderful body of musicians in the world.

## SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

**IS Massillon's Share of the Dow Law Tax Apportionment.**

County Treasurer Doll has just completed the apportionment to the local funds of the county of the December collection of taxes. The amount to be paid out by him to the different township, corporation and school district treasuries is \$25,978.08, of which amount he paid out yesterday \$100,000. This is a big payment.

The most interesting thing about this apportionment to the citizens and tax payers of Stark county is that part of it concerning the collection and distribution of the Dow liquor law tax. The total of this tax collected from the county and paid into the treasury reaches the big figure of \$43,681.03. This is a very nice sum, and will help the tax payers of the county out wonderfully.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE MONEY.

This large Dow law collection has been apportioned to the different corporations of the county as follows: Canton, \$14,230.81; Massillon, \$7,172.06; Alliance, \$1,525.84; Navarre, \$995.12; Canal Fulton, \$915.35; Louisville, \$6,074.58; Limaville, \$78.36; Minerva, \$547.28; Osnaburg, \$328.35; Magnolia, \$74.63; Waynesburg, \$67.62; Mt. Union, none.—*Canton Repository*.

## A Cenial Restorative.

Hosettor's Stomach Bitters are emphatically a general restorative. The changes which this great tonic produce in the disordered organization are always agreeably, though surely progressive, never abrupt, and violent. On this point it is admirably adapted to persons of delicate constitution, and to persons to whom the painful mind processes which result in the re-establishment of healthful vigor are conspicuously shown in cases where it is taken to overcome that fruitful cause of debility, indigestion, coupled, as it usually is, with biliousness and constipation. Through digestion, results which promptly and invariably attend its systematized course, and abundant secretion, are results which promptly and invariably attend its systematized course.

It is, besides, the best protective materia

## ACCEPTED.

The Water Company Gives Bond

To Fill all the Minor Details of the Contract.

On the Bond is Accepted, by a Vote of Three to Five, by the Council.

The Massillon Water Company and the city have finally agreed upon terms, and a settlement has been effected, every member of the Council being present to have a hand in the matter.

Routine business was hurried through on Wednesday night, as the interest of everybody was centered in the settlement of the water works question.

## ORDINANCES.

Ordinance establishing the office of City Engineer read a third time and passed.

Ordinance accepting Martin addition referred to next meeting.

Ordinance accepting Dr. Jos. Watson's addition read a third time and passed.

## REPORTS.

The committee appointed to sell two horses, wagon and harness, reported a sale for \$340.00. On motion the report was accepted and the committee discharged.

The citizens' advisory committee presented the following written report:

To the Honorable, the City Council of Massillon, Ohio:

The citizens' committee appointed to act in conjunction with the Council and the Water Company to inspect the plant, witness the pressure test, etc., and to make a report to you if in the opinion of the said committee the water works had been constructed according to the contract entered into by your honorable body and the Massillon Water Company, we beg to report as follows:

That we made a thorough inspection of the plant and found its construction to be all that could possibly be asked according to the terms of said contract, and we believe it to be second to no other water works plant in the State of Ohio.

We also witnessed the pressure test which proved to be highly satisfactory to each and all that witnessed the same.

Now, if the Massillon Water Company will give a guarantee to complete all that is now unfinished, and which is called for by the contract, in a reasonable time, such as putting the streets in

proper condition, build watering troughs and fountain, give the city filtered water, and grant the water rates to private consumers which were agreed upon by your committee and Messrs. Morrison and Mercer, of the Massillon Water Company, we, your committee, heartily recommend the acceptance of the plant upon terms and payments agreed upon in the above mentioned contract.

Respectfully submitted,

A. HOWELLS, Chairman.

Mr. Leighley moved the acceptance of the report. Motion carried.

## THE BOND.

The following bond was presented by the Water Company:

Know all men by these presents, that the Massillon Water Company, as principal, and Samuel R. Bullock & Co., as surety, are held and firmly bound unto the city of Massillon in the sum of five thousand dollars, for the payment of which said parties do hereby bind themselves.

Sealed and dated March 2, 1887.

The conditions of this obligation are such that, whereas the Massillon Water Company had agreed to give the city of Massillon filtered water, fountain, water troughs, and also agreed to put said city's

streets in proper condition and adopt the water rates to private consumers

according to agreement made between said Water Company and Citizens' Committee, all of which is to be performed by August 1st, 1887, in accordance with contract entered into between said Water Company and city of Massillon, June 10, 1886.

Now the said Massillon Water Company shall faithfully perform the several matters and things above mentioned, at or before the time above mentioned, then this obligation to be void, otherwise to be and remain in full force.

THE MASSILLON WATER CO.,

J. W. McCORMONDS,

S. R. BULLOCK & CO.

Attest:

ELLIS MORRISON, Secretary.

Mr. Snyder moved to accept this bond on the recommendation of the Citizen's Committee. A painful silence of over five minutes ensued and Mr. Leighley then arose, and after seconding the motion, made a short address in which the omissions and commissions of the Water Company were well handled.

W. C. Mercer addressed the Council.

He proposed to deposit ten thousand

dollars to be forfeited if the streets were not put in proper condition and kept so

for two years. He produced a plan of the filter which they proposed to place in the settling basin. Size 20x20.

The members of the Citizen's Committee then spoke. Mr. Howells thought the city safe in going ahead and accepting the works. Mr. Coleman felt a little delicate about advising the acceptance, but nevertheless did so gracefully.

Dr. Reed considered the water good as

any in the State, and did not think a filter necessary. In fact he thought a filter would do more harm than good.

Mr. W. F. Ricks agreed with all that had been said, and encouraged the acceptance.

Mr. Killinger was of the same mind,

President Huber did not hesitate in declaring in favor of acceptance.

The motion was then put, and by the

following vote, the works were accepted: Ayes, Huber, Snyder, Oehler, Jarvis and Volkmar. Nays, Leighley, Williams and Rink.

BILLS PAID.

J. G. Pepper..... \$50.00

T. H. H...... 50.00

M. Blase..... 50.00

G. L. Ryder..... 50.00

Mrs. Dreson..... 50.00

T. C. Miller..... 50.00

G. M. Richardson..... 45.00

C. Batta..... 40.00

W. B. Schworm..... 12.50

John Giese..... 12.00

WANTED—A first-class canopier, made of

wood, to shade me when I sit.

J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by

three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of

remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities.

The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown.

Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system,

purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me well." J. P. THOMPSON,

## THE FIGHT AT PEA RIDGE

Sketch of the Most Uncivilized Battle of the Civil War.

## INDIANS TAKE A HAND.

The Authorities Have Not Decided to This Day Which Whipped.

Federal and Confederate Armies Fight

Two Days and Then Withdraw—Portraits of the Leaders on Both Sides—Albert Pike's Indians Use Tomahawks and Scalping Knives—Gen. Van Dorn's Proclamation—A Fierce Battle Whose Story Has Not Been Fully Written.

The battle of Pea Ridge was fought Friday and Saturday, March 7 and 8, 1862. The dead were buried on Sunday. If the fight had taken place east of the Mississippi it would have taken a prominent place in history. But it was fought in the northwestern corner of Arkansas. Railroads had scarcely penetrated into that region yet, and telegraphs were mysterious things which a good many people did not even believe in. Therefore the full history of Pea Ridge has never been written. Yet that fight is entitled to one unhappy distinction: It was the most barbarous battle of the civil war.

During the first years of the war, the south had better generals than the north. As early as the summer of 1861, the confederacy sent

messengers west to

offer up the Indians

against the United

States government.

This was

Albert Pike,

the most

of the previous

and previous

## MERRIMAC AND MONITOR

Story of One of the Great Naval Engagements of the World.

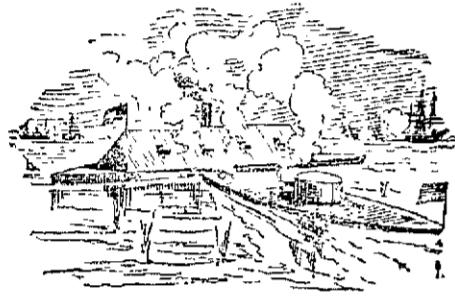
## A FAMOUS SUNDAY FIGHT.

The Gray Bearded Pilot of the Merrimac Describes the Battle.

The Confederate Ram Merrimac Accomplished Greater Work of Destruction in a Single Half Day Than Any Other War Vessel Ever Built—But She Could Not Whip Capt. John Ericsson's Monitor—Battle of The Iron Clads, March 9, 1862.

On the shores at the mouth of the blue Chesapeake this time of year the air is mild as June. Salt breeze and pine forest mingle and give it bracing fragrance. Big trees and fringy cape myrtles live outdoors the year around. It is one of the most delightful spots of the earth. Visitors to Old Point Comfort and Fortress Monroe linger on day after day. Travelers stopping at the great hotel east of the fortress sit hour by hour in the verandas. Anon they change and take a sail over the bright waters with the captain.

Everybody calls him the captain. He is a hale, gray bearded man with a keen eye and a strong frame. He has been about the Chesapeake and Norfolk bay more years than a good many of our readers have lived. Year after year, too, while the loiterers sit and gaze, now at the blue sky, now at the softly rolling breakers which are even as blue, they ask the captain to tell them the story of the Merrimac and the Monitor fight.



MERRIMAC AND MONITOR.

[From "Lossing's Civil War in America."]

The captain was the pilot of the Merrimac that day off Hampton Roads, March 9, 1862. The Merrimac was a fine new steam frigate. When the United States officer, Commodore McCauley, set fire to his own government's navy yard at Norfolk and burned the ships the Merrimac was among those fired and left to consume. This was April 21, 1861.

But the Merrimac was not entirely destroyed. She was burned to the copper line. Then she sank. To raise her again, to fit her out as a war vessel, was not a task of very great difficulty for the Confederate government. Her exterior pattern was changed somewhat. In armor plating her, and otherwise fitting her for naval warfare, the Confederates affixed to her bows a long, powerful iron beak. In brief, when the refitting was done, and the Merrimac was turned out of the Norfolk or Portsmouth navy yard she became the steam ram Virginia, the terror of every United States ship afloat. Steaming up, head on, she was able to send her long, sword-like beak crashing through the sides of the strongest wooden ship. Thus, attacking vessels one at a time, the Virginia was prepared to vanquish the whole United States navy and commercial marine. What is more, she had been fitted up in the United States government's own navy yard, of good iron and steel belonging to the nation.

The new pattern given to her was the idea of Lieut. John M. Brooks, himself a United States naval officer who had taken the Confederates side. The battering ram or false bow extended out ahead of her 35 feet. She had two powerful engines below the water line. Her roof and sides were covered with oak two over two feet thick, and upon this was plated iron 6 inches through. The ram in front was also composed of oak and iron. The vessel was armed with several great guns for those days, carrying shot of from 80 to 100 pounds, and a 120-pound shell.

Such was the ram Virginia. She is better known, however, the world over, by her former name, the Merrimac, and that is the name which will be used in this story.

Last but not least, she was directed by experienced United States officers, men who had been

craft, appearing like the roof of a barn steaming down stream. Was this the Merrimac? The little fleet came steaming down the river and out into the roads. Quickly the Minnesota and the Roanoke made ready to meet the newcomers. The queer craft was the Merrimac at last. The Roanoke had a broken shaft. She had to be towed out into the water by tugs.

It does not take long to tell the story of what followed. The Minnesota grounded out of range of the Virginia, and could not be got off. It was ebb tide. Presently the Roanoke grounded at the stern. The United States navy was not worth much more than it is now.

The Congress and Cumberland were anchored nearest to the coming monitor as she steamed out of Elizabeth river.

There was some exchange of shots as the Merrimac came boozing on. One shot from her disabled several gunners on the Cumberland. The Cumberland was swung broadside across the channel. The Merrimac went at her straight as an arrow and rammed her iron beak into the Cumberland's side. A great opening was made and water poured in a torrent into the Cumberland. Then the Merrimac opened fire. Every shot hit the mark, and the decks of the wooden ship were soon covered with dead and injured. In three-quarters of an hour the mortally hurt ship went down in fifty-four feet of water, carrying dead, dying and wounded with her. Some were picked up in boats from the shore and a few swam to land. The Cumberland's topmast showed above water, with her flag still flying. It was the turn of the Congress next. The two companion gunboats of the Merrimac had attacked her. Seeing the fate of the Cumberland, Lieut. Pendragon, commander of the Congress, ran her aground by means of tugs, in order to prevent the Merrimac from sinking her. The Merrimac, after sinking the Cumberland began pouring shot into the Congress. The aim of the Confederates was marvelously accurate. The firing from the Congress had no effect on the Merrimac's sloping front sides.

At 4:30 Lieut. Pendragon, seeing all was over, hauled down the stars and stripes, and ran up a white flag in token of surrender. The Confederates sent a tug to take formal possession.

But the Congress was under shelter of the Union batteries at Newport News, and they opened fire and drove the tug off. It is said they did not see the white flag. Then the Merrimac poured red hot shot into the poor old ship again. Presently she left her and bore down upon the Minnesota.

In this interval, the crew of the Congress, what there were left of them, escaped to shore in the boats. Next morning, of the 434 brave men and true who had composed her crew, only half answered to their names at roll call. The rest were killed, wounded and missing.

There had come into Hampton Roads on Friday, March 6, the naval ship St. Lawrence, a sailer. Seeing how the battle was going, she had herself towed toward the grounded Minnesota, and presently she herself grounded. Together the two helpless vessels waited the onslaught of the iron beaked monster. There seems to have been inexplicable ignorance of the channels on the part of the Federal pilots. The Roanoke, the Minnesota and the St. Lawrence all ran aground.

The St. Lawrence fired a broadside at the Merrimac, which did not the slightest harm. The Merrimac fired one single shell at the St. Lawrence. It went through the wooden ship like a bolt of lightning. Then the St. Lawrence, bows too combat, stole off like a whipped animal up toward Fortress Monroe.

It was getting dark. The ram and her attendant gunboats drew off from the fight and steamed to Sewell's point, where they anchored. The hot shot the ram had thrown into the Congress had been for the purpose of setting fire to her. This object was accomplished. The battered ship burned to the water's edge. About midnight the fires reached her powder magazine, when she blew up with a tremendous roar, and that was the end of the Congress.

"Harper's Pictorial History" says of the Merrimac: "No vessel that ever floated had ever done so great a work in a single half day. She had destroyed two powerful vessels, carrying three times her number of men, and fully six times her weight of armament." The Federal vessels lost quite 250 men that 8th of March, 1862, the Confederates lost only 10. Would the terrible Merrimac come back next morning and destroy the Minnesota and Roanoke? Not much sleep for officers and men on those frigates lying there fast aground that night.

**The Monitor.**  
About midnight a strange small craft came and anchored beside the Minnesota. The Confederates who saw her next morning said afterwards she looked like a black plank with Yankee cheese box on top. The mysterious small flat object was John Ericsson's Monitor and this was her trial trip. She had come into the roads that night just in time to hear the last of the commanding. Her commander was Lieut. John L. Worden, U. S. N.

The "Yankee cheese box" that the Confederates saw was a revolving tower or turret, twenty feet in diameter and ten feet high, bomb proof, inside ten and one-half inch Dahlgren canon, which could be turned 1 and aimed in any direction through the portholes of the tower. The guns were revolved with power from the double cylinder engine that propelled the boat. The deck of the vessel was nearly level with the water, and down under this all the crew stayed except the two who worked the guns within the turret. The boat was sharpened at both ends, 124 feet long, 34 feet wide, and had a double hull. The upper hull projected all over the lower one, and protected anchor, rudder and screw propeller. The whole top was decked over with heavy iron. The top of the turret was of railroad bar iron, armored over with iron plate, holes being left for ventilation. To get at the Monitor's machinery, and damage her, a shot would have to pass through twenty feet of water and then strike a slanting heavy iron plate. Thus there was nothing a shot could touch except the flat deck or the turret or the low flat pilot house, which latter was as heavily built as the turret. The smokestack, also protected with heavy iron boxing, was built in telescope fashion with shels that could be drawn within one another when the vessel was in action.

There was no way to get into her except down a ladder through the turret, one man at a time. Such was the invincible little demon of war that came down to meet the Merrimac. She was built in 100 days out and out.

The Merrimac and Monitor fight was no exception to the rule that the great battles

of our war occurred on Sunday. So did the battle of Waterloo, and many other great fights of the world over.

Sunday, March 9, about 8 o'clock in the morning, the sloping roof of the tremendous ram loomed up through the haze, and bore down upon the Minnesota. With her were her attendants of the day before, the Confederate gunboats Patrick Henry, Jamestown, Raleigh, Beaufort and Teaser. Together they carried eleven guns. In the battle of the day before Commodore Buchanan had been severely wounded by a shot from the Congress, and in the action of March 9, the command devolved upon his first officer, Lieut. Catesby Jones. The powder division on board the Congress was in charge of Paymaster McLean Buchanan, brother of the commander of the Merrimac.

Only one thing had prevented the destruction of the Minnesota in the action of Saturday, and that was the fact that she was grounded in water too shoal for the Merrimac to come near her. Her misfortune had proved her salvation.

At the approach of the Merrimac and her tenders on Sunday morning the drums of the Minnesota beat to quarters. Away down under water the crew of the little Monitor got ready for fight.

A strange scene in naval warfare then took place. The gray bearded captain at Old Point Comfort tells it as though it happened yesterday. The Monitor was only one-fifth the size of the Merrimac and of very much lighter draft.

The Merrimac steamed up past the Minnesota toward Fortress Monroe. Then she turned and prepared to come straight at the Minnesota.

**INTERIOR OF MONITOR.**  
[From Lossing's "Civil War in America."]

The little Monitor followed in her wake, and when the Merrimac turned her iron beak forward, there was the cheese box directly between her and the Minnesota. The stern guns of the Minnesota opened on the ram, but she was invulnerable. If her sides had been perpendicular, some of the fifty great shots which struck her from Capt. Van Brunt's guns on the Minnesota, must have penetrated her.

As the ram approached, the little Monitor's turret guns began to revolve and fire. The ram answered with a tremendous broadside. One conical shot from the huge Armstrong gun penetrated the Monitor's turret part way, but the bolt broke off and remained sticking between the bars of railroad iron, bent and flattened. The relic is still preserved. Other shot from the ram flew around and over the Monitor without effect. The little raft steamed around and around her ponderous foe, seeking a point of attack. But there was none. They pounded at each other tremendously, neither hurting the other.

The Merrimac, finding she had made no impression on the Monitor, turned her guns once more upon the Merrimac and made a savage attack, which told terribly. At that moment the little Monitor steamed up and placed herself between the ram and the Minnesota. The Merrimac changed her position and once more the big ram and the little turret ship grappled. The Merrimac grounded and the Minnesota trained her guns directly upon her. She got about and turned toward Norfolk, the Monitor after her.

Suddenly the Merrimac turned like an animal maddened and headed with all her force directly at the Monitor, seeking to run her down. The iron beak grated over the level deck, and the little raft came up suddenly ready for fight again. The Merrimac was more damaged than her antagonist. One heavy shot penetrated the armor of the ram. There was more maneuvering and more canoulling at close quarters, when suddenly the firing ceased.

The Merrimac and her attendant fleet headed up the bay. At the same time the Monitor turned and steamed down the bay towards Fortress Monroe. That was the end of the famous duel between the Merrimac and the Monitor. The Monitor turned and steamed down the bay towards Fortress Monroe. That was the end of the famous duel between the Merrimac and the Monitor.

Lieut. Worden, in the pilot house of the Monitor, was blinded by some concert which was thrown into his eyes by a shot which struck squarely in the人群. He was taken to Washington and tended carefully. Pres. LINCOLN visited him, and wept at sight of the blinded hero who had done so much. The gallant officer finally recovered his sight. Nobody else in the Monitor was hurt.

The Minnesota had been terribly shattered. A shot from the Merrimac had exploded the boiler of the tug Dragon, sending several men. The Minnesota by throwing overboard some guns and other heavy articles, and by attaching several more tugs to pull and strain at her, got out of her bad Monday morning and went up under the shelter of Fortress Monroe.

In the two days' fighting the Federal forces lost nearly 400 men and two valuable ships; the Confederate forces lost thirteen men. The Monitor was struck with shot twenty-two times, one of which damaged the pilot house somewhat. The Merrimac's long iron hull had been twisted when she ran into the Cumberland. Two of her guns were broken, her smoke and steam pipes and flag staff were shot away, and as she steamed up Norfolk bay it was seen that she sagged at the stern.

"But what did the Monitor and Merrimac do next?" They never came together again, said the gray bearded captain. "They watched around there a good while, the Merrimac protecting Norfolk and the mouth of the James, the Monitor protecting the Chesapeake. Once in a while each one would come out and scream around with her steam whistle awhile mighty sassy, pretending to challenge. But if the other seemed likely to take it up that one backed off in a hurry. One was afraid and the other wasn't."

He had his wish presently to his heart's content.

Hampton Roads is an inlet of Chesapeake bay, between Fortress Monroe and Norfolk. The James river empties into it, also the Elizabeth, on which the navy yard lies. The bay or indentation gets its name of "roads," or a roadstead for ships, on account of its depth of water, being scarcely anywhere less than twenty-three feet. It is about five miles across.

The Federal vessels lay about the roads not very far apart.

"The Minnesota, and the Roanoke were here near Fortress Monroe, the Cumberland and Congress were off Yorktown, near the mouth of the Elizabeth river," says the captain.

At about noon, Saturday, March 8, the Federal lookouts saw something coming down the Elizabeth river. It was, in fact, three things, as they presently moved nearer. It was three gunboats. Two of them were ordinary gunboats. The other was a queer looking

## Literary Resemblances.

I wrote a clever thing and sent it off. To one whose name had won him a little fame, "Read it," I said; "Twill serve to write an hour; Then write me your opinion of the same."

"Tell me wherein you are very like. Some young whom the world has loved to read; Advise me where to print it, if you please. And I will thank you very much indeed."

The great man was ever prompt. He sent me back a letter, couched in language fair and kind. Your permission? He said, "How vividly it brought the gifted Greeley to mind!"

"And in your lighter vein you make me laugh. As Euclid did, whose books I've labored through."

White's pathetic words affected me. As Twain and Artemus, the showman, do.

"And often 'word for word' I find you like some famous man who long before you wrought; Print where you please; no editor but will think as I think and treat you as he ought."

Later I wrote the great man and I said,

"One strong resemblance you have failed to see."

I am like Stockton in his early days—

—My article has been returned to me."

—Mrs. George Archibald, in The Judge.

A Hint to the Stage Lover.

I am out of patience with the stage lover. Not that there is anything wrong with the lover himself; if—oh, no. He is faultless. His full dress suit sits on him as snug as a hen on a nest. His shirt front is immaculate, and adorned with the conventional single white stone. His patent leathers are very nice. His mustache is, the ladies say, "just lovely."

His complexion full of color, his eyes roll beautifully and his voice thrills all who hear it with its tenderness and resonance. But he makes me very weary when he stands behind the lady whose suitor he is and flings his admiration and beheadings over her shoulder. As sweet as he is, I want to get upon the stage and kick him and tell him to face the music like a man and show the enemy that he is not afraid to look her in the eye. Make love to a girl while looking at her shoulders—gazing at her bustle and the mole on her neck! It is preposterous. The aim of all art is to simulate

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